

THE  
L I F E  
A N D  
HEROICK ACTIONS  
OF THE  
Eighth Champion  
Of CHRISTENDOM.

With a Particular Account of his Combat with the *Man in the Moon*; of the Reception he met with from the Knights of the *Golden Fleece*; and of the Great Reward he received from *DON ROBERTO*, for his Faithful Services to that Doughty Knight.

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By JAMES GURTHIE, Biographer.

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N. B. If any one doubt the Veracity of this History, it will be confirm'd by Proper Affidavits.—Ask my Brother if I am a Thief.

—Par Nobile Fratrum.

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THE  
Eighth Champion  
OF  
CHRISTENDOM.

CHAPTER I.

*How the FARIE QUEEN prophesied concerning the Fortunes of St. George's Eldest Son, who was born in the Wilderness, and how the Witch Hecuba stole the Child away, and conveyed him into a Cell under Ground, and of the strange Things that befel him there.*

**Y**OU may remember how in a former Part of this famous History, which related the hardy Deeds and glorious Atchievements of the other Seven Champions, we left St. George's Vertuous Lady in Travel in the Wilderness. Her pitiful Cries pierced down to the lowest Vaults of direful *Dis*, where *Proserpine* sits crowned among her *Fairies*, and so prevailed, that in all Haste she ascended to work this Lady's safe Delivery, and to make her Mother of a goodly Boy! The Goddess condescended to practise the Duty of a Midwife, and safely brought her Babe into the World, at whose Sight the Heavens began to smile, and the Earth to rejoice as a Sign and Token, that, in future Times, he would become one of the *noblest Knights* in the World.

This

This courteous Deed of *Proserpine* was no sooner performed, but she laid the Boy in a rich and sumptuous Cradle. Under his Pillow, she laid a Silver Tablet, whereon was written in Letters of Gold the Child's happy Fortune, in the following Verses,

The Muses Darling for true Sapience,  
In *Stephen's Court* this Babe shall spend his Days :  
Men shall admire his learned Eloquence,  
And write in Books of Brass his endless Praise.  
A *Hydra-headed Dragon* he shall kill,  
And save his Country from a Tyrant's Will.  
Go on, brave Knight, assert your Country's Cause ;  
You'll soon become the Flow'r of Chivalry :  
By Sea and Land defend her antient Laws ;  
With Scorn reject *Iberia's* golden Fee.  
No Prostitute Champion e'er shall wield  
B——a's Sword, or guard her with his Shield.

When the *Fairie Queen* had perform'd her kind Offices, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoicing at her safe Delivery. The Witch *Hecuba* was determined that the Noble Youth should imbibe nothing good in his early Days ; she nursed him under Ground, in a Cell, where the Priests of *Bacchus* prepared the proper Liquors for their Offerings to that Deity.

### C H A P. II.

*Of the First Signs of Valour St. George's Son shewed when he came out of the Cell, where he received his Education ; and how he was chosen one of the principal Burghers of Comus's Capital City, on Account of his assisting to slay the Dragon.*

OUR Young Hero now began to think himself qualified to appear above Ground, and instantly left the dark Regions, in which he had been educated ; resolving to try if he could not bear

bear the Light. He now threw off the Robe with which the Priests of *Bacchus* had invested him, and sent for a famous Taylor to equip him with the Habiliments of a Squire. The Taylor perform'd his Part with great Dexterity ; but when he brought in his Bill, the Young Hero, whose avow'd Principle was to be outwitted by no Man, paid him with an Oaken Cudgel.

There had been for a long time great Contentions through all *Comus's* Kingdom between the *Lowlanders* and the *Highlanders*. Our young Champion was a famous *Highlander*, and soon became one of the Ringleaders of that Party. He was early chosen a Member of a Great Council compos'd of the principal Burghers of the Grand Metropolis of *Comus's* Kingdom. It was his Temper of Mind that led him to join the *Knights of the Moon* ; for so they were call'd from the Device that they bore upon their Banner. He ran roaring up and down like a Madman, crying out, *The Highlands for ever, Huzzaz.* If ever he drank, it was a Bumper, and he would fall down upon his bare Knees ten times of a Night to drink a Health to \* \* \* \* *Here is a large Blot in the Manuscript.*

This Behaviour gained him great Reputation, and he was promoted to the highest Assembly of this City, and soon after made Governour of all their Castles, Forts, Prisons, and Places of Strength that they were in Possession of.

In the Court of *Comus* there resided an eminent Sorcerer, who had, by his cunning Arts, so infatuated that Prince, that he submitted the Reins of Government entirely to his Care.

Don *Tonsorio* was at this time principal Ruler of the Grand Metropolis ; he was a valiant and cunning old Knight, and held a bitter Enmity to the Sorcerer : To say the Truth, he was no great Friend to

Robe with him, and with the Hand perform'd his Service; he brought him with him with contentions, Lowlanders, pion was a one of the y chosen a f the prin- of *Comus's* bed that led r so they bore upon own like a ver, Huz- , and he times of e is a large ation, and ly of this all their length that n eminent , so infas- Reins of Ruler of and cun- ity to the at Friend to

to *Comus* himself. He summoned the Grand Assembly of Knights upon this Emergency, and having taken his Seat, accosted them in this sort.

Sir Knights (for you seem by your outward Habiliments) if we may judge of the Goodness of the Apple by the Fairness of the Rind, know, that in this Country wherein you now are, which was once so fruitful and abounding in all things, that it might well be call'd, *The Granary of the World*, and now still retaining its Virtue, durst the Inhabitants manure the same; but our Plenty is turn'd into Misery, our Mirth into Mourning: Our Streets, which used to be throng'd with People, are now destitute of Inhabitants; and all from the Dread of a most ghastly and deform'd Monster, begotten, as it is thought between a Land Wolf and Sea Shark; so that it participates of both Elements, swimming sometimes in the Sea near our Coasts; at other times penetrating into the utmost Recesses of the Country. Whatever he sees, he covets; whatever he covets, he devours. Turn down your Flaggons, you Priests of *Bacchus*! Stave your Casks! Deck no more your Garlands with the Blushing-Grapes! Hang your Bushes in Mourning! The Vintage—— He wou'd have proceeded, but finish'd with a deep Sigh for a Period.

St. George's Offspring could no longer contain himself. He rose from his Seat, and for the first time turn'd his Eyes upwards, and some expected he was going to begin with a Prayer, but they were mistaken. He thus address'd himself to the Assembly. In vain do you call upon *Bacchus* and his Priests! your Help is near at hand. Have you already forgot the noble Achievements of your Ancestors? Is their famous Story so soon come to an End? Your Fears have magnified your Danger. The Knight who dares follow my Steps shall quickly see

an End both of the Dragon and the Sorcerer. He said, and led the Way—Animated by these Words, every Knight in the Assembly followed the Chieftain, and from this Moment they looked upon him as their *Champion*. They marched directly Westward in good Order. When they arrived at the Place pitched upon for the Engagement, they found a large Body of Knights sent upon the same Occasion from different Parts of the Country. If the Sight of so many gallant Personages armed *Cap-a-pè*, dismayed the Sorcerer, it had not a milder Effect upon the Dragon. He sent forth such a hideous Yell, as surpassed the Roaring of the Cataracts of *Nilus*, or the Crack of the loudest Thunder. Dread seized on every Part of him, and had so violent an Effect upon him, that he yawned, kicked, pissed, ~~shat~~ and died.

## C H A P III.

*How the Sorcerer contrived to lay the Champion asleep; of the of the Dream he had; of his Combat with the Man in the Moon; of the Reception he met with from the Knights of the Golden Fleece; and of the Great Reward he received from Don Roberto, for his faithful Services to the Doughty Knight.*

**D**uring these Rejoicings, the Sorcerer recollect'd himself. He bore a hearty Grudge to both the *Country and City Knights*, but was particularly concerned at the Gallant Behaviour of the City *Champion*. *Plutus* the God of Wealth instantly address'd him, and in a sweet melodious Voice bespake him in this wise:

‘ Gentle Knight, the Fame of your Achievements has pierced even into the Bowels of the Earth, and filled my Court with Admiration and Astonishment. Behold! the God of Wealth, courted by all wise

wife Mortals, leaves his splendid Abodes, to address the Flower of Chivalry. Follow my Dictates, and be Rich. Lift no more under the Banner of the Moon ; she is a wavering Goddess, partial and uncertain in the Choice of her Favourites. Associate thyself no more with the Knights of her Establishment ; hang up the *Golden Fleece* for thy Standard, and Success shall ever attend thy Undertakings. Farewel, he said, and disappeared.

The Knight awaked, and was presently sensible of the sweet Scent that the God of Gain had left behind him ; for his Breath is sweeter than all the Perfumes of *Arabia*. A second Sleep presently seized his Eyes, and he was entertained with a strange Dream. This Dream had made too great an Impression upon the *Champion*, for him to imagine it was a meer Delusion. He broke down their *Bridge*, destroyed their *Markets*, and more than once pulled their *Mansion-House* about their Ears. Whilst he was going on in full Career, *Hecuba*, who owed him a Grudge for lifting under another Leader, played him a Trick.

This Witch enchanted *Lord Strut*, she swelled him with *Pride*, and easily made him believe, that he was superior in Prowess to all the Knights in the World ; she persuaded him, that *Comus's Sorcerer* was no *Conjurer*, and had only got a Smattering in the *Black Art* ; she very well knew that those Measures would put the Sorcerer to his Trumps ; his Knights would not fight without Pay, and he had other uses for his Money.

Our *Champion* had sworn to be true to *Plutus's Deputy* : He convened therefore the Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, to give them his Opinion upon this Matter, and addressed them in the following Terms.

' Bright Valiant and Peerless Knights, (for so you have proved yourselves upon all doubtful Occasions)

casions) I have called you together to instruct you, in what manner you should govern yourselves, in the most important Affair that ever came before you. We have long been pestered with Clamours against the unwarrantable Behaviour of *Lord Strut*; and the Knights all round the Country call out for his Blood. Alas! would they enter the Lists with a Madman? The Laws of *Cavalry* forbid it. This Nobleman was beside his Senses, when he committed the Injury; and now he is somewhat recovered, he offers Reparation. What remains, but that we accept it, and save the Effusion of Human Gore? None but the Enemies of *Comus* and *My Master*, dare oppose it; it is at them, it is at me, it is at you, their Enmity is levelled. Do you stare? Do you murmur? The Gods avert it. He knows little either of the Strength or Wisdom of *My Master*, that dares oppose his Measures. Is he not deeply read in Magick? He loves you; he wishes, he labours your Welfare. Fly not in his Face, lest you repent when it is too late. Is he not able, by his Art, to destroy your Bridge with the Motion of His Wand? Cannot he remove your Grand Market Place up into another City? You know he can.

The penitent and aggrieved Knight, when he understood the Certainty of his Delusion, with a sudden and hasty Fury, struck himself on the Breast with his Fists, and lifting his Eyes up to the Clouds, in manner of Exclamation against the Fates, giving deep and sorrowful Sighs, he threw himself upon the Ground, tumbling and wallowing from one Side to the other, without having any Power to declare his inward Grief; but with Lamentation did he torment his Heart, till he fell into a deep Swoon; where we shall leave him. Reader, Farewel.